THE LEGACY OF RAGE

CHAPTER -1 : THE FLASH BACK

Singh Mansion, 1999

The storm outside roared like an untamed beast, lightning tearing through the sky, illuminating the grand Singh Mansion in flashes of white. But inside, the air was thick, suffocating—not with fear, but with death.

The living room was filled with people—men in black suits whispering in hushed tones, women dabbing their eyes, and servants moving hurriedly, their faces pale with shock.

Near the massive wooden doors, the voices of reporters echoed from the outside.

"Mrs. Singh's death has sent shockwaves through the business world!"
"Was it an accident or a brutal murder?"
"Sources say she was found in a pool of blood—"

Camera flashes flickered like lightning through the windows, and the mansion gates struggled to contain the chaos of journalists pushing to get a glimpse inside.

But amidst the storm, amidst the whispers of grief and speculation, in a dimly lit nursery on the second floor, lay Rudra Singh—only six months old.

He was wrapped in soft, white blankets inside an ornate crib, unaware of the tragedy unfolding around him. His tiny fingers curled and uncurled as he stared blankly at the ceiling, his innocent eyes reflecting the glow of the chandelier above.

He did not cry. He did not scream. Because he did not know.

The House of Mourning

Outside the nursery, the servants whispered.

"Poor child... he doesn't even know what happened."
"He'll never remember her. Never hear her voice."
"And where is Virender Singh? He should be here—his wife is dead!"

But Virender Singh was not there.

He was at a press conference, standing tall, stone-faced, delivering statements in a cold, calculated tone.

"The Singh family does not bow to tragedies. We will ensure justice is served."

His voice was firm. Unshaken. But he never mentioned her name.

The Room Where She Died

Downstairs, the crime scene was still untouched.

The floor was slick with drying blood, a deep crimson stain seeping into the expensive carpet. The grand chandelier, which once bathed the room in golden light, now flickered weakly, as if struggling to shine through the darkness left behind.

Her body was already taken away, but the scent of death lingered.

And on the glass coffee table, there lay a single golden bracelet, splattered with blood—the only piece of her left behind.

The Unanswered Questions

The official report would say she died in a car accident.

But the whispers in the mansion told a different story.

"She didn’t die on the road. She was murdered right here—inside her own home."
"But why? And by whom?"
"Virender Singh knows something. That’s why he’s keeping quiet."

No one dared to ask Virender directly. His wrath was too great. His silence too powerful.

The Forgotten Memory

Little Rudra, still unaware of the night’s horror, yawned softly in his crib. A servant picked him up gently, cradling him in her arms.

"Sleep, little one. Forget this night. Forget everything."

And he did.

As the years passed, the storm, the whispers, the flashing cameras—all faded from his memory.

But somewhere, deep in his bones, the tragedy remained—like an old scar he couldn’t see but could still feel.

A scar that would one day bleed again when he discovered the truth.

SINGH MANSION 2005

The Singh Mansion was always quiet, but never peaceful. Six-year-old Rudra walked through its endless hallways, his tiny feet making no sound on the cold marble floor. The walls were lined with portraits of his ancestors—men who built empires, men who ruled with iron fists. He didn’t understand their importance, but he knew one thing: they all looked the same.

Unsmiling. Powerful. Untouchable.

He had never seen a painting of his mother.

The whispers of the servants followed him wherever he went, voices hushed but never silent.

Servant 1: (whispering) "That boy... he never even knew her."
Servant 2: (hushing) "Lower your voice! If Virender Singh hears you—"
Servant 1: (hesitant) "She would still be alive if she had stayed quiet."

Rudra didn’t understand what they meant, but the way they avoided his eyes made something in his chest tighten.

That evening, the long dining table stretched between him and his father, the chandelier above casting long shadows across the room. The air was thick with silence, only the clinking of silverware filling the space. Rudra hesitated before speaking.

Rudra: (quietly) "Papa... why does everyone look at me like I’m a ghost?"

Virender didn’t look up, calmly cutting into his steak.

Virender Singh: (calmly) "Because you are my son. And that is enough."

Rudra: (confused) "But... they don’t smile at me. They’re afraid."

His father finally lifted his gaze, his sharp eyes pinning Rudra in place.

Virender Singh: (firmly) "Fear is power, Rudra. If they fear you, they will never betray you. Love is weak. Fear lasts forever."

Rudra held his father’s stare, but something inside him twisted.

After dinner, he wandered through the hallways again, this time drawn by an unfamiliar sound—laughter. It was rare in the Singh mansion. He followed it and found a boy, no older than him, sitting in a corner with a small wooden car.

For a moment, Rudra forgot who he was.

He stepped forward, reaching out, wanting to join in.

The boy’s eyes widened in horror. He immediately dropped the toy, scrambling to his feet.

Servant’s Son: (panicked) "I’m sorry, sahib!"

He turned and ran, disappearing down the hallway.

Rudra stood there, staring at the abandoned car. He slowly picked it up, turning it over in his hands.

Rudra: (softly) "I don’t want them to run from me."

But the empty hallway offered no answers.

Later that night, as the mansion grew silent, Rudra sat outside on the garden steps, staring at the dark sky. The head servant, Balram, passed by and stopped when he saw him alone.

Balram: (gentle) "It’s late, sahib. Why are you out here?"

Rudra didn’t look at him.

Rudra: (quietly) "Do you think people will ever stop being afraid of me?"

Balram hesitated. He had served the Singh family for decades. He had seen what fear did to men.

Balram: (carefully) "Your father is a great man, sahib. But he has built his world on fear. That is why people do not smile at you."

Rudra turned to him, frowning.

Rudra: (curious) "Is that the only way to be powerful?"

Balram looked at the boy—so young, yet already burdened with the weight of his legacy.

Balram: (softly) "Power built on fear lasts... but it is lonely."

Rudra looked away, staring at the dark sky.

He did not understand all of Balram’s words that night.

But years later, as he stood in the ruins of his own wrath, he would remember them.

And he would understand.

DATE:12/6/2014

(The school bell rang, signaling the start of recess.)

Teacher: “Silence! Silence! We will continue with the chapter tomorrow. Complete the question-answers before our next class. Enjoy your recess!”

Sameer, Rudra's close friend, turned to him.

Sameer: “What did you bring for lunch today?”

Rudra: “Nothing. I brought money. I’ll buy something from the canteen.”

Sameer: “Buy something for me too. I’m not in the mood for home food today.”

The two went to the canteen, bought food, and ate while talking. But in the corner of the cafeteria, a group of students whispered among themselves, casting occasional glances at Rudra.

He knew what they were saying. He had heard the jokes and the jealousy many times before. He decided to ignore them—until one of the boys spoke loudly.

Boy 1: “So, Rudra, how does it feel to be the useless son of a billionaire? I wonder what will happen to your father's so-called legacy if you take over the business.”

Boy 2: “Of course he’ll run it into the ground, just like his father. Wait... is his father even alive, or is Rudra just pretending about him?”

The cafeteria grew silent. All eyes were on Rudra.Everyone knew why these words were said.

For a moment, Rudra didn’t move. Then, suddenly, he stood up, his eyes filled with fury. He marched toward the boy who spoke, and grabbed him by the collar. Before anyone could react, Rudra slammed the boy’s head into the glass window.

CRASH!

The sound of shattering glass echoed. Blood dripped from the boy's head as gasps filled the room.

A girl screamed. Someone ran to get help. But Rudra didn't stop. He kicked the boy in the stomach, sending him to the floor with a thud.

The teachers rushed in, their faces full of shock.

Teacher 1: "What happened here?!"

Teacher 2: "Call an ambulance! NOW!"

The boy was taken to the hospital. The principal called Rudra's parents, and a heated conversation took place in the office.

Singh Mansion – That Evening

Rudra entered his house, ignoring the grandeur around him. He went straight to his room. But just as he was about to remove his shoes, Virender Singh appeared.

Virender Singh: "Rudra, are you out of your mind? That boy could have died today!"

Rudra: "He didn't die."

Virender Singh: "That's not the point! Do you think this is how a Singh behaves? You've lost control."

Rudra: "It wasn't just anger, Papa. It was necessary."

Virender Singh: "Necessary? He insulted the family business and me,right?"

Rudra: "Yes, and I won't let anyone disrespect us."

Virender Singh: "So you think beating people is the solution? Will you fight everyone who insults us?"

Rudra: "I won't fight, but I will never let anyone walk over me."

Virender studied his son. There was something dangerous in Rudra's eyes.

Virender Singh: "You need to control your anger, Rudra. Or it will destroy everything you care about."

Virender walked away, leaving Rudra alone.

Rudra stood still, fists clenched. He wasn’t weak. No one would walk over him again.

Sameer’s House – Late Evening

The night was cold, the wind whispering through the empty streets as Rudra parked his car outside Sameer’s house. He had changed out of his uniform, wearing a black hoodie and jeans—something that felt less suffocating than the Singh name.

Sameer’s house wasn’t as grand as Rudra’s mansion, but it felt warm. There were sounds of laughter from inside, a feeling Rudra never had in his own home.

Sameer opened the door, raising an eyebrow at Rudra’s stiff posture.

Sameer: (crossing his arms) "So, you finally decided to show up."

Rudra pushed past him, walking straight into the living room. Sameer shut the door behind him, sighing.

Sameer: "Let me guess. Your dad tore into you after what happened at school?"

Rudra didn’t answer. Instead, he sat on the couch, his fists still clenched.

Sameer sat across from him, studying his best friend. He had known Rudra for years—he had seen the rage boiling inside him, the way it consumed him.

Sameer: (serious tone) "Listen, Rudra... I know you think what you did was right, but you need to get a grip on your anger. You can't just go around smashing people's heads into windows."

Rudra scoffed.

Rudra: "Why not? He insulted my family. You think I should’ve just let him walk away?"

Sameer leaned forward, his voice serious.

Sameer: "I think you need to ask yourself if every insult is worth the destruction you leave behind. One day, your anger is going to cost you something you can’t afford to lose."

Rudra looked away, jaw tight. He hated these conversations—hated being told to control something that felt like it was part of him.

Just then, the front door creaked open, and footsteps echoed in the hallway.

A voice—calm but taunting—cut through the air.

Arjun: "Well, well. Look who’s here. The so-called heir of the great Singh Empire."

Rudra’s head snapped up. His muscles tensed as Arjun walked into the room, hands in his pockets, a smirk playing on his lips.

Behind him, Sameer stood up instantly, his face shifting from relaxed to tense.

Sameer: (warning) "Bhai, don’t start."

Arjun ignored him, stepping closer to Rudra.

Arjun: (mocking) "Heard you almost killed a guy today, Rudra. Trying to prove something? Or are you just that desperate for attention?"

Sameer moved in between them, his face filled with worry.

Sameer: "Bhai, let it go. It’s already done."

But Arjun wasn’t listening. He smirked, eyes locked on Rudra.

Arjun: "Your father must be so proud. Or maybe not. I mean, he built an empire, and all he got was an angry little boy with daddy issues."

Rudra shot up from the couch so fast that Sameer barely had time to react. He stepped forward, face inches from Arjun’s, his breathing heavy with rage.

Rudra: (voice low, dangerous) "Say that again."

Sameer quickly put a hand on Rudra’s chest, trying to hold him back.

Sameer: "Rudra, don’t. He’s not worth it."

Arjun chuckled, stepping back just slightly, enjoying the reaction.

Arjun: "Listen to your little friend, Rudra. Wouldn’t want another trip to the principal’s office, would you?"

Sameer looked between them, his face filled with frustration. He loved his elder brother, Arjun, but he also knew what kind of person he was. Arjun thrived on provoking people, on pushing them over the edge. And Rudra? He was always one push away from breaking.

Sameer: (pleading) "Bhai, stop. You know I hate this—why do you two always have to do this?"

But Arjun just smirked.

Arjun: (ignoring Sameer) "I’m just speaking the truth. The difference between me and Rudra? I know how to control my anger. He just lets it destroy him."

Rudra’s fists shook, but for once, he didn’t throw the first punch. Not because he didn’t want to—but because he could hear his father’s voice in his head.

"Your anger will destroy everything you care about."

His breathing slowed. He clenched his jaw, staring at Arjun, his mind burning with unspoken words.

Arjun took that as a victory. He smirked again, patted Sameer on the shoulder, and walked out.

Arjun: (before leaving) "See you around, Singh. Try not to kill anyone before then."

As he left, Rudra stood frozen, fists shaking, body pulsing with adrenaline.

Sameer sat back down, rubbing his face in frustration.

Sameer: (softly) "You don’t have to fight every battle, Rudra. Some aren’t worth it."

But Rudra wasn’t listening.

Because in his mind, one thought rang louder than everything else.

"One day, I’ll make him pay.”

CHAPTER 2: A NEW RUDRA SINGH

AFTER 6 YEARS 16/2/2023

Rudra was a grown up now but still he had no control over his anger and his actions.The date was 16/2/2023 the 40th anniversary of their company.
The grand Singh mansion is alive with activity. The estate is hosting a royal gathering, a night where family, relatives, and the most powerful figures of their world convene under one roof. Laughter, hushed discussions, and the clinking of crystal glasses echo through the halls. But inside Rudra’s room, there is only silence—heavy, deliberate, and unyielding.

Rudra sits in his chair, his expression unreadable as he swirls a glass of whiskey in his hand. He knows why his father is here before Virender Singh even steps inside. The heavy doors

open, and the patriarch enters, exuding the presence of a man who has commanded respect his entire life.

Virender Singh: (calm, but firm) The gathering has begun. You are expected downstairs.

Rudra Singh: (without looking up) Expected by whom? Certainly not by me.

Virender Singh: (sharp gaze) By your name, Rudra. By your blood. These men outside, these families, they do not gather just for empty pleasantries. They come to honor the weight of our legacy. A legacy you seem determined to ignore.

Rudra Singh: (cold smirk) Legacy? Or is it just an endless cycle of obligations dressed as tradition? You play host to men who would bow in respect but strike the moment your back is turned. Tell me, father, what exactly is there to honor?

Virender Singh: (steps forward, voice controlled) Power is never about honor. It is about presence. About reminding the world who we are. Tonight, these people will see the Singh heir. They will see the man who stands next to me, not in my shadow. Or would you rather let them question your worth."

Rudra Singh: (leaning forward, voice dark) Let them question. Let them wonder. I have no interest in proving myself to men who are only here because they fear what we might become without them.

Virender Singh: (eyes narrowing) And that is exactly why you must be there. Fear is the foundation of power. But power must be seen to be respected. If you do not claim your place, someone else will. And trust me, Rudra, the moment they sense weakness, they will devour you whole.

Rudra Singh: (jaw tightening) Do I look weak to you?

Virender Singh: (pauses, then smirks) No. But silence is mistaken for weakness far too easily. And you— you are anything but silent.

(Rudra exhales slowly, his patience running thin. He stands up, adjusting his cufflinks, his expression unreadable.)

Rudra Singh: (cold, decisive) Fine. I will come. But let me make this clear—I am not here to entertain them. I am not here to bow, to shake hands, or to play the perfect son. If they wish to see me, they will see me for who I am. Nothing more.

Virender Singh: (nods approvingly) Good. A Singh does not entertain. A Singh commands. Let them see you, Rudra. Let them remember.

(Rudra strides past his father, his steps echoing through the marble floor. Virender watches, a hint of satisfaction in his eyes. The world may not be ready for Rudra Singh—but tonight, they would have no choice but to acknowledge him.)

A man from the far approached Virender Singh, holding a glass in his hand. He greeted Virender with warmth, shaking his hand firmly before turning toward Rudra. Rudra stood tall, his eyes cold, unyielding. For a long moment, he didn't extend his hand. The silence hung between them, thick with tension. The man waited, but Rudra's gaze was unwavering. After a few beats, Rudra finally extended his hand, his grip strong, though the gesture was reluctant.

Man: So, ready to take over your father's legacy?

Rudra: (with a deep, steady voice, almost chilling) I don't plan on taking anyone's legacy. What's been built is in the past. I will forge my own. My own way.

The man, clearly taken aback by Rudra's confidence, paused before speaking again.

Man: (with a tone of surprised admiration) Nice thinking. But you must understand, it takes decades to build something like your father's legacy. A lifetime of hard work, of sacrifice. You can't rush that. But... good luck, Rudra.

The words hung in the air, an attempt to warn or perhaps challenge, but Rudra didn't flinch. He didn't reply. Instead, he turned away, his eyes already searching for the next person to ignore. The man watched him for a moment before walking off, a puzzled look on his face. Rudra met more guests, some of his father's business partners, but he felt a sense of detachment, as if each greeting and conversation was meaningless.

Soon after, Virender, his face etched with concern, called him over, his voice lower than usual.

Virender: (with a serious, almost urgent tone) Rudra, there's someone I need you to meet—Arjun Singh.

Rudra's face tightened at the mention of the name. The tension in his body was palpable.

Rudra: (coldly, with a touch of bitterness) I don't need to meet him, papa. We both know the history between you two. What's there to discuss?

Virender's hand rested on Rudra's shoulder, his eyes searching his son's face.

Virender: (softly) I know you don't like him, Rudra. But it's important. You'll understand why when you meet him.

After a brief moment of silence, Virender's insistence wore down Rudra's resistance, and he reluctantly agreed. The two made their way toward Arjun, who stood in a group of guests. As

they approached, Arjun turned and, to Rudra's surprise, extended his hand first, a confident smile playing on his lips.

Arjun: (smiling knowingly, a hint of mockery in his voice) You…. must be Rudra, right? How've you been? It's been a while.

Rudra: (with a calm but dominant tone, his eyes narrowing slightly) Isn't it funny how some people pretend to forget everything, act as if they don't remember you at all? But inside, they know every single detail. Every move, every word.

Arjun: (laughing softly, but there's a cold edge to it) Clever. I see you're not easily fooled.

Rudra's eyes remained locked on Arjun, and despite the smile on Arjun's face, Rudra saw through it. He could feel the underlying tension, the game that was being played. Arjun's eyes shifted briefly to Virender, then back to Rudra, trying to gauge his reaction.

Virender, sensing the rising unease, stepped forward and quickly placed his hand on Rudra's back, guiding him away from Arjun.

Virender: (with growing frustration, his voice barely a whisper) Rudra, do you realize who he is? What he's capable of? He's not just anyone.

Rudra: (calm, his voice firm yet devoid of emotion) It doesn't matter who he is. My rules are simple: I treat everyone the same. Doesn't matter if they're a beggar or the president—respect isn't earned through status. It's earned through actions.

Virender's face darkened, worry and frustration flashing across his features. He opened his mouth to argue, but words failed him. He shook his head and sighed, then walked away, leaving Rudra standing in the quiet corner of the room. Rudra didn't look back at him.

As Virender walked off, Rudra felt the walls of the room close in around him. The weight of the situation, of expectations, and the suffocating pressure of his legacy crushed him all at once. He turned, heading toward his room, but the anger, the frustration, and the tension within him refused to let go.

Once inside the privacy of his soundproof room, Rudra finally allowed himself to explode. He snatched the glass of wine he had been sipping on, his fingers trembling with rage. Without a second thought, he hurled the glass against the wall. The sharp sound of shattering glass filled the air, but it barely made a dent in the storm inside him.

Rudra: (yelling in a voice raw with emotion, his fists clenched tight) Damn it! How long do I have to pretend? How long will I have to live up to this... this farce?

The walls, thick and soundproof, swallowed his rage, but it did nothing to ease the turmoil within him. He paced the room, his mind racing. His father's legacy, the empire, the expectations—all of it had weighed him down for far too long. He had tried, for so long, to play the role of the obedient son. But now? He couldn’t do it anymore. The man who stood in front of everyone, pretending to be the son of Virender Singh, was gone.

A new Rudra was born that night. No more pretending. No more following the footsteps of a man whose legacy was built on foundations that didn’t belong to him. From this point on, Rudra would carve his own path. A path of fire, of rage, of destruction. There would be no room for weakness, no place for hesitation.

The room stood silent, save for the faint echo of his breathing, heavy and labored. Outside, the world moved on, unaware of the storm that was quietly gathering. But inside, everything was about to change. Rudra’s anger would no longer be controlled. He would burn through every obstacle in his way. And everyone—family, business partners, even enemies—would soon learn that the man they saw before them was no longer just the son of Virender Singh. He was something far more dangerous.

"While Rudra was lost in his own battles, another war was taking shape elsewhere. A war fought in silence, behind closed doors—where betrayal had only one outcome.”

The Price of Betrayal

Arjun’s Office – Midnight

The room was dimly lit, the scent of expensive whiskey lingering in the air. Arjun sat behind his massive mahogany desk, fingers tapping against the smooth surface as he stared at the report in front of him.

The words were clear. Cold. Undeniable.

Vikram Malhotra – Senior Engineer
Leaked Prototype Designs to Rival Companies.
Evidence Attached.

Arjun exhaled slowly, his expression unreadable. He had always trusted Vikram—one of his best men, someone he had personally groomed in the business. And yet, here it was, the undeniable truth that he had sold Arjun out.

Betrayal was an expected part of this world. But when it came from within? That was something Arjun never forgave.

He closed the file, took a slow sip of his drink, and then picked up his phone.

Arjun (calmly): "Find out where Vikram is right now. I want to pay him a visit."

A brief pause. Then his informant answered.

Informant: "He’s at home, sir. With his family."

Arjun smirked, a cold glint in his eyes.

Arjun: "Good. Let’s go pay our respects."

Vikram’s House – 1:00 AM

The house was modest compared to Arjun’s extravagant lifestyle, but it was comfortable. A warm glow spilled from the windows, laughter could be heard inside. It was a home filled with love and normalcy—things Arjun had never cared for.

As he stepped through the front gate, his men followed, moving like shadows. He didn’t need to announce his presence. The moment the front door opened, the atmosphere inside shifted.

Vikram’s wife was the first to see him. Her face paled.

Vikram’s Wife (stammering): "M-Mr. Singh… What an honor. Please, come in."

Arjun smiled. A charming, practiced smile.

Arjun: "I was in the neighborhood. Thought I’d drop by and see an old friend."

He stepped inside, his eyes sweeping the room. Vikram was sitting at the dining table with his family—his wife, his teenage son, and his elderly mother. His hand trembled as he set down his glass of water.

He knew.

Vikram (forcing a smile): "Arjun, this is a surprise. Would you like something to drink?"

Arjun chuckled, clapping a hand on Vikram’s shoulder.

Arjun: "That won’t be necessary, my friend. But there is something I need to discuss with you. Privately."

Vikram swallowed hard. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead. His wife glanced between them, her instincts screaming that something was wrong.

Vikram’s Wife (nervous): "It’s so late… Maybe tomorrow—"

Arjun (cutting her off, still smiling): "It won’t take long."

Vikram slowly stood up, his hands trembling at his sides. He glanced at his family one last time, then followed Arjun down the hallway.

The private room was small, soundproofed, a place where conversations would never escape. The moment the door shut behind them, the air changed.

Vikram didn’t bother pretending anymore. His face crumbled with fear.

Vikram (whispering, desperate): "Arjun… I can explain."

Arjun’s smile disappeared.

Arjun (coldly): "Explain what, Vikram? How you sold me out? How you handed my prototype to my competitors?"

Vikram’s legs nearly gave out. He dropped to his knees.

Vikram: "Please, Arjun. I made a mistake. It was nothing personal—I needed the money! My family—"

Arjun (interrupting, voice eerily calm): "Your family? You should have thought about them before you betrayed me."

Vikram sobbed, clutching Arjun’s leg in desperation.

Vikram: "I’ll fix this! I swear! Just give me a chance!"

Arjun sighed as if he were truly disappointed. Then, without another word, he pulled out his gun.

A single shot rang out.

The House Fell Silent

In the dining room, Vikram’s family flinched—but no one screamed. No one ran.

They all sat frozen in place, their hands gripping their laps, their faces pale as death.

The sound of a gunshot should have caused chaos. But in this house, in this world, it meant only one thing.

Arjun stepped out of the room, adjusting his cufflinks as if nothing had happened. His expression was calm, detached. He looked at Vikram’s wife, then at his son.

Arjun: "He had a good run. But some mistakes… can’t be fixed."

The boy clenched his fists, his face red with suppressed rage—but he didn’t move. He didn’t dare.

Arjun turned toward the door, his men following him without question. As he left, he gave one final glance over his shoulder.

Arjun: "You should be grateful. I could’ve made you watch."

And with that, he walked out, disappearing into the night like a ghost.

Inside the house, no one spoke. No one moved.

The silence was louder than the gunshot.

CHAPTER 3 : CROWNING THE STORM

The rain outside battered against the windows, its rhythm matching the thudding of Rudra's heart. The storm was a reflection of the turmoil he felt within himself. He stood in the grand office, alone, staring out at the dark skies. His mind raced with a thousand thoughts—none of them comforting.

Rudra’s life had changed irrevocably. The life he had once imagined for himself—free from the empire his father had built, free from the blood-soaked arms trade—now seemed like a distant dream. He had resisted this for as long as he could, but the time had come. His father's failing health had left him no choice but to step into the role of leadership. The family business was crumbling, and only he could save it.

A sharp cough broke through the quiet room. Rudra turned to see his father standing by the door, using a cane for support. His once strong frame, the very symbol of authority, was now frail. Rudra’s heart twisted. This wasn’t the man who had commanded respect from the world. This was someone vulnerable, someone who needed him.

Virender: (weakly) “Rudra...”

Rudra turned toward his father, swallowing the lump in his throat.

Rudra: (with quiet defiance) “Papa, I don’t belong in this world. I never asked for this.”

Virender smiled weakly, but there was a seriousness in his eyes. He crossed the room with slow, deliberate steps and sank into the chair behind the desk.

Virender: (with regret) “I know, son. I know. I never wanted you to be a part of this business. But now… you’re the only one left who can carry this empire forward.”

Rudra: (gritting his teeth) “This empire is dying, papa. I’ve seen the numbers. I know the truth. Arjun is underpricing us at every corner. People are losing faith in us.”

Virender: (sighing heavily) “I didn’t want to tell you this, but the truth is worse than you realize. The company is bleeding money. I’ve fought for as long as I could, but... I can’t keep up with Arjun. His business is growing while we falter.”

Rudra: (with frustration) “So what? Do you expect me to just play by his rules? Sell everything off to him and watch as our family’s legacy is destroyed?”

Virender: (with a weary sigh) “It’s not that simple, son. Sometimes you have to make difficult choices. Sometimes, survival requires compromise.”

Rudra’s jaw tightened. He had always been his father's son, but he could never accept the compromises his father was willing to make. He couldn’t just sit back and let everything his family had built be reduced to nothing.

Rudra: (in a cold voice) “I won’t sell. I won’t let Arjun destroy what my ancestors built. I’ll fight.”

Virender: (with a deep breath) “You don’t understand how tough this battle is. It’s not just a matter of fighting harder. Arjun’s tactics are smart. He’s been underpricing our weapons, flooding the market with cheaper alternatives.”

Rudra: (turning away to face the window again) “I get it, papa. But I won’t sell. I’ll figure something else out.”

Virender’s eyes followed Rudra, understanding the determination in his son’s voice. But he also saw the naivety, the unrealistic hope that everything could turn around. He knew the pressure was too great.

Virender: (quietly) “Rudra, don’t underestimate Arjun. He’s not like the others. He’s ruthless.”

The Bloodstained Business

The Singh family did not build their empire on silk and gold.

They built it on steel, gunpowder, and blood.

Singh Industries was not just a business. It was a kingdom of war, a global powerhouse in arms dealing. Their weapons shaped conflicts, toppled governments, and decided the fate of nations. Bullets forged in their factories had rewritten history.

The business was simple: Supply power to those who could afford it.

The wealthy, the desperate, the corrupt.

Billionaires bought for protection.
Gangsters bought for control.
Armies bought for war.
Governments bought for power.

And the Singh family?

They didn’t care who pulled the trigger. As long as the money flowed, the weapons moved.

But they were not alone in this empire of destruction.

Across the battlefield stood another dynasty—the Rathore family.

Arjun’s father, Ratan Singh Rathore, had carved his own legacy in the world of war. Rathore Arms & Defence was a beast of its own, equally ruthless, equally feared. Their factories burned with the same fire, their weapons delivered to the same hands.

For years, Singh and Rathore had played a dangerous game—sometimes allies, sometimes rivals, always circling like vultures.

They didn’t sell weapons. They sold power.

And in this world, power was everything.

But there was one rule—one unspoken truth that bound them both.

"Never sell a gun without knowing who it will be pointed at."

The governments turned a blind eye, the armies welcomed the deals, and the underworld thrived on their weapons. It wasn’t about politics. It wasn’t about justice.

It was about who had the better gun, the sharper blade, the deadlier weapon.

And now?

Now, there was no more balance.

Arjun’s company was underpricing Singh Industries, stealing clients, hijacking deals, and crushing competition with ruthless efficiency.

The streets whispered rumors.

"The Rathores are making a move."
"Arjun doesn’t just want the market—he wants the empire."
"And Rudra? He won’t let that happen."

It wasn’t just business anymore.

It was war.

And only one family would survive.

The Meeting with the Executives

Later that week, Rudra called a meeting with the company’s executives. The tension in the room was palpable. Every person present knew the stakes were higher than ever. The future of the Singh empire rested on Rudra’s shoulders now, and no one knew whether he was ready for the responsibility.

As Rudra entered the conference room, he could feel the eyes of the executives on him. The whispers started almost immediately. They were all waiting for his next move.

Rudra: (addressing the room) “We have a problem. The company is losing money. We’ve been undercut by Arjun, and we’ve let it happen for too long.”

There was a collective murmur around the table. The whispers grew louder as executives exchanged glances, knowing the situation was dire.

Rudra: (slamming his fist on the table) “We cannot let this continue. We need to fight back, or we will lose everything.”

One of the senior executives, a middle-aged man named Sandeep, spoke up.

Sandeep: (in a cautious tone) “Rudra, I think we should seriously consider selling. Arjun is already offering us a good price. It might be our only chance to walk away with something.”

Rudra: (with fiery conviction) “I’m not selling. You all think this is over? That we’ve lost? It’s far from over. I’ll figure this out, I promise you.”

The room fell into an uncomfortable silence as Rudra's words hung in the air. The tension was thick. They all knew that if Rudra refused to sell, they would face a war—one that might cost them everything.

One of the younger executives, Ravi, nervously spoke up.

Ravi: (softly) "But what's the plan, Rudra? If we don't sell, what do we do?"

Rudra: (gritting his teeth) "We innovate. We create something new. Something Arjun can't compete with. We'll make a weapon so advanced that no one will even think about buying from him."

The executives exchanged uncertain looks. There was a long pause before another voice, this one from the back of the room, interrupted.

Anjali: (with doubt) "And how are we supposed to do that? Our resources are already stretched thin. We don't have the capacity to create something that would compete with Arjun."

Rudra: (with cold certainty) "I'll fund it myself. I'll design it myself. You don't need to worry about the resources. I'll make it happen."

Suddenly someone knocked the door.

Rudra: Come In

The door swung open, and Arjun Singh walked in, his grin wide, his demeanor cocky. Arjun was the kind of man who knew how to sell ice to a charming, ruthless, and always two steps ahead.

Arjun: (leaning against the doorframe, smirking) "Well, well… look who's sitting at the throne now. How's the view from up there, Rudra?"

Rudra: (glancing up, unfazed) "Better than I expected. What do you want, Arjun?"

Arjun: (stepping in, hands clasped behind his back) "Straight to the point, huh? Alright. I've been keeping an eye on your little empire, and I think it's time we talk about the future. I'm interested in buying."

Rudra: (standing up, his voice cold) "I don't need your charity."

Arjun: (laughing) "Charity? Come on, Rudra. You know as well as I do that you're heading towards bankruptcy. Your company's value is dropping by the minute, and I'm offering a way out."

Rudra: (narrowing his eyes) "This empire isn't for sale. Not to you, not to anyone."

Arjun: (smiling slyly) “Let’s be real here. You don’t have the money to turn things around. I have the capital to keep you afloat. So, tell me, Rudra, what’s it going to be? A deal or a disaster?”

There was a tense silence as Rudra stood still, studying Arjun. The two men had always been competitors, but now they were on opposite sides—one offering salvation, the other offering defiance.

Rudra: (leaning forward, his voice icy) “You think you can control everything, don’t you? You think your money is enough to buy everything, but you’re wrong. This is my fight, and I won’t lose.”

Arjun: (eyes narrowing) “You’re making a mistake. I could help you. You won’t survive without me.”

Rudra: (coldly) “I’ll survive, Arjun. I’ll thrive.”

Arjun stared at Rudra, the tension palpable in the room. With a cold smile, Arjun turned and walked out, leaving Rudra alone, but resolute.

Rudra’s plan was simple, yet dangerous—he would create something the market had never seen before, a weapon so powerful that no one could ignore it. The days turned into weeks, and soon, Rudra had a prototype—a gun designed for the future, a weapon that could change the landscape of the arms industry.

The day came when Rudra decided to unveil his creation. The room was filled with military officials, businessmen, and government representatives. The air was thick with anticipation. Rudra stood in front of the crowd, his eyes focused, his presence commanding.

Rudra: (calmly) “Ladies and gentlemen, this is not just a weapon. This is the future. This is the power that will make us unbeatable. The world is changing, and so must we.”

He gestured toward the stage, and the crowd gasped as the new weapon was revealed—a massive, sleek, and incredibly powerful firearm that dwarfed everything currently on the market. The room erupted into whispers of disbelief and awe.

Rudra: (smiling, his confidence unshakable) “This is my vision. This is our future.”

As the crowd clamored to get a closer look, Rudra watched, satisfied. This was it—the turning point. His empire was no longer on the brink of collapse. It was on the rise. Arjun’s plans to buy them out were in tatters. Rudra had won.

From this point on, Rudra's business grew at an exponential rates but still, he was in loss. His designs were unmatched, his strategies bold, and his approach unrelenting.

THE THUNDEROUS SHIFT

The rain poured outside. The wind howled fiercely through the broken window panes, as the thunder echoed across the dark sky. Rudra sat at his desk, eyes scanning the documents spread before him. He was no longer the young man who had inherited his father's business unwillingly. Now, he was the one calling the shots, ready to rebuild what had crumbled under the weight of mismanagement and old rules.

His thoughts were interrupted when a knock echoed through the door.

Rudra: (without looking up) "Come in."

The door opened, revealing his father, Virender Singh. The man who had once ruled the empire, now frail and fragile from illness, stepped in slowly, his eyes heavy with the burden of time.

Virender: (softly) "Rudra, the reports came in."

Rudra: (glancing up) "I know. I've already gone through them."

Virender stepped forward, his eyes scanning the room. The walls were adorned with trophies, certificates, and awards—the symbols of past triumphs. Yet, the space felt empty. The empire was dying, and they both knew it.

Virender: (hesitating) "You don't have to do this. I'll handle it…"

Rudra: (cutting him off, his voice stern) "No, Papa. It's mine to handle now. You've done your best, but it's time for a new way."

Virender's eyes hardened. He'd spent his entire life building this empire, and it wasn't easy to let go. His son's words, though filled with promise, also carried a weight he had never expected.

Virender: (in a quiet, almost defeated voice) "You'll need to be more than just strong to carry this burden, Rudra. The business is on the edge. We can't go back to the way it was."

Rudra: (smirking) "I know that. We won't go back. We'll go forward. It's time to innovate."

Virender looked at his son, torn between worry and pride. Rudra's eyes burned with ambition, but was it enough? Could he really save the company—or would his boldness lead them all into disaster?

Virender: (softly) "Arjun is already circling like a hawk, waiting to buy us out. Do you realize the depth of what we're facing?"

Rudra: (standing up, his tone rising) "Let him come. Let him think he can buy what my father built. He doesn't understand the cost of this empire. It's more than money. It's blood, sweat, and history. I won't let that man take it from us."

Virender took a deep breath, rubbing his forehead. His son's confidence was undeniable, but the fight ahead wasn't just about strength—it was about strategy.

Virender: (calmly) "And what will you do, Rudra? How will you fight him? You're no longer just inheriting a business. You're building a legacy—one that must stand the test of time."

Rudra: (grinning) "That's exactly why I'm doing this. I won't just inherit. I'll redefine it."

CHAPTER 4: THE POWER OF RAGE

(AFTER FEW DAYS)

Rudra sat in his private office, overlooking the skyline as the rain poured down, drumming against the windows. The storm outside mirrored his restless mind—he had taken full control of his father's business, yet there was still something missing. Despite the initial success, there was always the nagging feeling that his father's legacy—his father's way of doing business—was still clinging to him, and that was a weight he could no longer bear.

His phone rang, pulling him from his thoughts. It was a call he had been dreading.

Engineer 1: (urgently) "Mr. Singh, we've got a problem. The Astra-X units are malfunctioning. We've done everything we could, but we've run into a wall. The firing mechanisms are unstable. Some of them are causing minor explosions when fired."

Rudra's grip tightened on the phone. This was disastrous news. The Astra-X was supposed to be the crown jewel of his company, the one that would propel him to the top. He couldn't afford another setback. Not now.

Rudra: (coldly) "How bad is it?"

Engineer 1: (hesitant) "It's serious, sir. We've had a few incidents already. We're trying to fix it, but it's becoming clear that it's a design flaw we can't patch up."

Rudra: (irritated but calm) “How long have you known about this?”

Engineer 1: (nervously) “A few days, sir. But we were hoping to fix it before it got out of hand.”

Rudra slammed the phone down, fury rising within him. This wasn’t just a business problem; it was an insult to everything he had worked for. He couldn’t rely on outdated methods anymore. He needed a breakthrough.

As he sat in silence, a thought struck him like a lightning bolt. The Titan Rapture. A weapon more powerful, more destructive than anything the world had seen before. A weapon he could call his own, something that would crush Arjun Singh’s ambitions and put his company at the top, once and for all.

Without wasting another moment, he picked up the phone again and dialed a private number—one that only a select few knew. The phone rang several times before it was answered.

Secret Contact: (calmly) “Rudra Singh, what can I do for you?”

Rudra: (without hesitation) “I need the Titan Rapture ready. It’s time.”

Secret Contact: (surprised) “The Titan Rapture? Are you sure? That weapon’s never been tested, Rudra. It’s... too powerful.”

Rudra: (determined) “I don’t care how powerful it is. Get it done. This is the future. I want it ready, now.”

Secret Contact: (after a pause) “Understood. I’ll make it happen.”

Rudra hung up the phone, his mind already racing with what he would do once the weapon was complete. This wasn’t just about putting his company back on track; this was about showing the world who he truly was. A force to be reckoned with.

Days passed, and the engineers worked tirelessly to prepare the Titan Rapture. Rudra had insisted on secrecy—no one but the most trusted members of his inner circle knew about the new weapon. The Astra-X was a failed experiment now, and it was time for a new dawn.

When the day of the demonstration finally arrived, Rudra was prepared. He arrived at a secluded testing facility on the outskirts of the city, away from the prying eyes of the media and the public. The only people allowed were those who mattered—military leaders, top arms dealers, and underground figures who had the money to make things happen.

Engineer 2: (nervously) “Mr. Singh, everything is set. But the Titan Rapture is unlike anything we’ve ever seen. We don’t know how the recoil will affect the shooter. The power is... immense.”

Rudra: (with authority) “Don’t worry about it. Everything will be fine. Just have the area secured.”

Rudra walked over to the large platform where the Titan Rapture was displayed. It was a massive weapon, sleek yet imposing, with black metal that seemed to absorb the surrounding light. The very sight of it sent a chill through the room.

As the engineers and soldiers lined up, Rudra stepped up to the weapon, his eyes narrowing in focus. The weapon was his creation, his masterpiece. He had designed every part of it, from the sleek barrel to the complex firing mechanism. It was the future of warfare, and it would be his legacy.

Rudra grasped the trigger, his fingers wrapped around the cold metal. He aimed the gun at the target, a steel structure several hundred meters away. The room fell silent, every person holding their breath.

Without hesitation, Rudra pulled the trigger. The sound that followed was deafening—a blast of power so immense that it shook the ground beneath their feet. Even with ear protection, everyone winced at the sheer force of the blast. The target was obliterated instantly, leaving nothing but a cloud of smoke and debris.

Engineer 3: (in awe) “Holy shit... that was... that was insane.”

Rudra: (calmly) “This is the future. The Titan Rapture is the weapon of tomorrow.”

The room erupted into hushed murmurs, a mixture of shock and disbelief. No one had ever seen anything like this before. The power, the destruction—it was unprecedented.

Meanwhile, Arjun Singh watched the entire demonstration from a secret surveillance feed, hidden in the shadows. He had been keeping tabs on Rudra, ever since he heard rumors about the new weapon. When he saw the Titan Rapture in action, his blood ran cold. He knew, without a doubt, that this weapon would change everything. It was unstoppable, a game-changer. If Rudra could control this, Arjun’s empire would crumble.

Arjun: (muttering to himself, his voice filled with anger and fear) “What the hell is this? How did he—?”

He watched the feed again, his fingers trembling slightly as he processed what he had seen. This was no longer a competition of arms; this was war. If Rudra had this kind of power, there was no way to match it. The Titan Rapture was something he could never hope to replicate.

Back at the testing facility, Rudra stood proudly, watching the chaos unfold. He knew that the demonstration was just the beginning. The world would want the Titan Rapture. And he would make them pay for it.

As he walked back to his private office, he received a call from his father.

Virender: (over the phone, with pride and worry) “Rudra, I saw the demonstration. That weapon... it’s incredible. You’ve outdone yourself.”

Rudra: (calmly) “Thank you, Papa. But this is just the beginning. Now, we rise.”

Virender: (with a sigh) “I’m proud of you, son. But remember—don’t let this power blind you. There are consequences.”

Rudra: (with quiet determination) “I’m not afraid of consequences, Papa. I’m not afraid of anything.”

As the days passed, Rudra’s company soared to new heights. The Titan Rapture was in high demand, and deals were being signed with governments and private organizations alike. Arjun, meanwhile, was forced to watch from the sidelines as his own weapons business began to flounder.

Everything seemed to be falling into place for Rudra. His company was finally where he wanted it to be—on top. He had proven himself, and now there was no turning back.

But little did he know, the storm wasn’t over yet. What was about to come would shake the very foundation of his world, and no one, not even Rudra, could predict the chaos it would bring.

CHAPTER 5: THE UNWANTED LOVE

The First Meeting: A Business Deal

Rudra Singh sat at the head of a sleek, modern conference table, his dark eyes scanning the papers in front of him. His mind was already racing ahead, formulating strategies, anticipating problems. He had grown into the role of CEO with ruthless efficiency. But this meeting felt different.

Across from him sat Ishika Malhotra—a sharp, confident woman, dressed in a perfectly tailored suit that matched her poised demeanor. She was the representative of a large conglomerate that had expressed interest in collaborating with Singh Industries. Rudra had heard of her before, but seeing her in person was a whole different experience. She exuded power, intelligence, and a quiet determination that intrigued him.

Ishika: “Mr. Singh, I’ve heard a lot about your company. Singh Industries has an impressive track record, but I believe a strategic partnership between our companies could elevate both of us to new heights.”

Rudra raised an eyebrow, his gaze intense, but never betraying any emotion.

Rudra: “I’ve heard the same about your company, Ms. Malhotra. But you know as well as I do that trust is earned. I don’t make deals based on reputation alone.”

Ishika met his gaze without flinching, her lips curling into a small, confident smile.

Ishika: “Of course, Mr. Singh. I understand completely. I believe that actions speak louder than words. And I’m willing to prove my company’s worth to you. I’ve brought detailed projections and plans to show you how we can maximize profits for both sides.”

She slid a folder across the table. Rudra didn’t immediately open it. Instead, he took a moment to study her—how she carried herself, how she handled pressure. He knew this deal was important, not just for business, but for something deeper—something that had yet to reveal itself. There was something about her that intrigued him.

Rudra: “I like your confidence, Ms. Malhotra. But, like you said, actions speak louder than words. Show me the numbers.”

The rest of the meeting proceeded smoothly. Ishika spoke with clarity and precision, outlining her company’s potential. Rudra listened carefully, nodding occasionally. He respected her business acumen, even though he remained cautious. She was good—very good. But then, what really surprised him was the way she understood the intricacies of Singh Industries, as if she had been following them for years.

As the meeting came to a close, Ishika stood up and extended her hand toward him.

Ishika: “Mr. Singh, it’s been a pleasure. I hope we can work together.”

Rudra stood, his powerful frame towering over her. He accepted the handshake, his grip firm, but his gaze never leaving hers.

Rudra: “Let’s see where this partnership takes us, Ms. Malhotra. But remember, trust is a rare commodity. Keep that in mind.”

Ishika nodded, but there was something in her eyes—an understanding that he had underestimated.

The Rise of a King

The city stretched before him, drenched in the glow of a thousand lights. From his balcony, Rudra watched as Singh Industries grew into something his father could never have imagined.

Weapons flowed faster than ever. Clients were bigger. Governments, private armies, underworld kings—they all came to him.

And through it all, Ishika stood beside him.

Ishika: (smirking) "Feels good, doesn’t it? Knowing that no deal happens without your name attached to it?"

Rudra: (exhaling) "It’s just the beginning."

He believed it. He had to.

Every bold move, every risky deal—it had worked. Because of her.

She saw things differently. She pushed him further, made him take steps his father never would. And for the first time, he was leading with his own vision.

The First Storm

It started small.

A shipment delay here. A failed contract there.

Nothing unusual in their world. Business was war, and war had setbacks.

Ishika didn’t seem concerned.

Ishika: (calmly) "It’s just pressure from competitors. You’ve rattled the market, Rudra. Arjun is desperate."

Her words reassured him.

But the setbacks didn’t stop.

Instead, they grew.

The Warning Signs

One evening, a deal in South America collapsed hours before signing.

Rudra’s contacts went silent.

He sat in his office, gripping his whiskey glass, staring at the failed reports stacking up. The numbers didn’t lie. His empire was bleeding.

Rudra: (gritted teeth) "How the hell did this happen?"

The executives had no answer. Only Ishika spoke.

Ishika: (calm, reassuring) "Arjun has connections in their government. He undercut us."

Rudra exhaled, forcing down his frustration.

Ishika: (softly) "This is what happens when you’re at the top. People try to break you. But we’re smarter than them."

Her hand brushed over his.

For a moment, he believed her.

The Walls Close In

Days passed. Then weeks.

The losses piled up.

Suppliers withdrew contracts.
Factories delayed production.
Clients hesitated to sign.

His men whispered about it—something was wrong.

Rudra ignored them. He had Ishika.

She handled everything. She had never let him down.

Had she?

The Breaking Point

The final blow came without warning.

A billion-dollar deal—**one of the biggest in Singh Industries' history—**was pulled.

Not by Arjun.

Not by a competitor.

But by an old ally.

A man who had once sworn loyalty to Virender Singh.

Rudra stormed into his office, rage pulsing through his veins.

Rudra: (furious) "Where is Ishika?"

Silence.

His breath slowed. His fists clenched.

She was always here. Always the one fixing things. Always the one with a plan.

But tonight?

Tonight, she was nowhere to be found.

The Father’s Death: The Beginning of the End

The next few months were a whirlwind. Rudra and Ishika’s partnership had flourished, their businesses aligning in unexpected ways. But Rudra’s mind was always partially occupied by the pressure of running his family’s empire. He had long known that his father’s health was failing, but he never expected it to happen so suddenly.

It was a late afternoon when Rudra was sitting in a meeting with key members of his company. His phone buzzed on the table.

He glanced down. The name on the screen made his blood run cold. His assistant.

Rudra: “Excuse me, please.”

He answered the call, his voice calm, but there was an underlying tension.

Rudra: “What’s the matter?”

Assistant: “Mr. Singh... we’ve just received tragic news. Your father... he’s gone.”

Rudra’s world seemed to slow down. He barely registered the assistant’s words. His heart clenched in his chest. His father—the one man who had been a rock in his life, his mentor—was gone. The loss hit him harder than he expected.

Rudra: “How? What happened?”

Assistant: “We don’t have all the details yet, sir. But... it appears he passed away suddenly. We’re still gathering information.”

Rudra hung up the phone, his mind racing. His heart was a whirlwind of confusion, grief, and disbelief. He needed to see his father—to make sure it was real. To process what had just happened.

But there was no time for hesitation. The news was already out. He rushed out of the meeting, ignoring his colleagues' confused questions, and rushed back to his mansion.

As he approached the front gates of his house, he saw the crowds of reporters swarming the area. Flashing cameras, shouted questions—it was overwhelming.

Reporter 1: “Rudra Singh, what are your plans now that your father has passed? Will you be taking over the empire?”

Reporter 2: “Do you have any comments about your father’s sudden death, Mr. Singh?”

But Rudra barely registered the reporters. He was too focused on one thing: reaching his father. He pushed past the media, his bodyguards doing their best to maintain order.

When he entered the mansion, the quiet was suffocating. The house felt empty, hollow. His father’s study door was ajar. He stepped inside and froze.

There, sitting behind his father’s massive desk, was the lifeless body of Virender Singh, which have been killed brutally.A body full of blood,the bullets lying around the body,the name plate on the desk covered with blood. The room smelled of leather and dust, but it wasn’t the comforting smell it once was. It was as if the very air had lost its meaning.

Rudra dropped to his knees beside his father. His hands shook as he reached for his father’s body. His throat tightened. He had never known such a profound emptiness.

Rudra’s vision blurred as tears began to well in his eyes. His father’s death wasn’t just a personal loss—it was the loss of everything he had known, everything he had worked toward. This empire, the legacy of his family, was now his responsibility. And it weighed on him like a mountain.

The Reveal: Betrayal at the Core

The night was quiet as Rudra sat in his office, staring at the documents scattered across his desk. His mind was a whirlwind, his heart heavy with grief. But something else gnawed at him—something he couldn’t shake. Ishika had disappeared.

He called her phone, but it went straight to voicemail. His mind raced. Could she have been kidnapped? Was she in danger? Or worse, had Arjun found a way to manipulate her?

The Video Call: Unveiling the Truth

Rudra sat in his office, still processing the whirlwind of events that had recently unfolded. His father's death weighed heavily on him, and the mystery surrounding Ishika's disappearance lingered in his mind. He couldn't shake the nagging feeling that something wasn't right. As he stared at his phone, deep in thought, it suddenly buzzed.

Rudra looked at the screen. The name flashing across it was unfamiliar, but his instincts told him to pick up. He swiped the screen and answered the call. The moment it connected, he was met with the familiar yet unfamiliar sight of Ishika.

She was sitting in an opulent room, surrounded by expensive furniture, a glass of whiskey in her hand. The soft light from the chandelier cast an eerie glow on her face, and a strange sense of calm radiated from her. But it wasn't the calm of someone who had nothing to hide—it was the calm of someone who knew everything was under control.

Rudra: (staring at the screen, his voice cold) "Ishika... where the hell are you? I've been looking for you everywhere."

Ishika: (smirking, taking a slow sip from her glass) "I'm right here, Rudra. I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be."

Rudra's stomach churned. There was something about her tone that sent a chill down his spine.

Rudra: (squinting, trying to hold back the anger that was rising in him) "What is this? Why haven't you called me? What's going on? Where's my father's body? What happened?"

Ishika: (with a playful chuckle) "Oh, Rudra. You're so predictable. You think I owe you an explanation, don't you?"

Rudra: (his voice becoming more tense) "Explain yourself. I'm done with the games, Ishika. Where are you?"

Ishika: (sighs and leans back in her chair, clearly enjoying the moment) "I'm with Arjun. Isn't it obvious?"

Rudra: (his expression darkens, his fists clenching) "You've been working with him all along, haven't you?"

Ishika: (her eyes gleam, a wicked smile spreading across her face) "Oh, Rudra, it's been so much fun watching you play your little games. I thought you were smarter than this."

Rudra’s mind raced. He had known something was off, but hearing her confess it so casually made his blood run cold.

Rudra: (gritting his teeth, trying to control his emotions) "How long, Ishika? How long have you been playing me for a fool?"

Ishika: (shrugging, her tone indifferent) "Longer than you can imagine. Every word, every move—everything was calculated. And now, it’s all coming to fruition."

Rudra took a deep breath, trying to calm the storm inside him, but nothing could quell the rage bubbling up from within. His thoughts flashed to the moments he had trusted her, leaned on her, built his empire with her by his side. It all felt like a lie now.

Rudra: (his voice trembling with barely controlled anger) "You... you were just using me? Was everything a lie?"

Ishika: (her smile widens, almost smug) "Of course it was. You were just a tool, Rudra. A means to an end. And now, I’m with Arjun, where I should have been all along."

Rudra could feel his pulse quickening. The betrayal cut deeper than any weapon ever could. He had trusted her—loved her, even. And now, she was the one who had brought it all crashing down.

Rudra: (gritting his teeth) "You’ve made a grave mistake, Ishika. You really think you can get away with this?"

Ishika set her glass down with a quiet clink, her gaze never leaving his.

Ishika: (leaning in slightly, her voice lowering, venom lacing her words) "Rudra, do you even understand what’s happening? You’re not in control anymore. Arjun and I are the ones pulling the strings now. You’re just a memory."

Rudra’s breath caught in his throat. The realization hit him like a ton of bricks. Not only had she betrayed him, but she was reveling in it, enjoying his pain. He tried to suppress the fury building inside him, but it was impossible.

Rudra: (his voice icy) "What are you really here for, Ishika? Is this your confession? To rub my face in it?"

Ishika: (her tone shifting, becoming darker) "You’ve always been so blinded by your own ambition, Rudra. But now, you’ll see the truth. Your empire? It was never yours. It was always mine—always Arjun’s. And your father? He was just an obstacle."

The words hit Rudra like a physical blow. His hands trembled as he gripped the armrest of his chair, trying to steady himself.

Rudra: (in disbelief) "You... you killed my father?"

Ishika didn’t flinch. If anything, her smile grew more satisfied.

Ishika: (coldly) "Yes. Your father begged, Rudra. He begged for his life. But more than that, he begged for you. He knew what was coming, but you... you were too weak. And now you’ll see the consequences of that weakness."

Rudra’s eyes widened. The world seemed to tilt as his mind tried to process what she had just said. His father... begging? His mind replayed the memories of his father’s stern presence, his unwavering strength. He had been so sure that his father was invincible, but now, the thought of him begging for his life shattered him completely.

Rudra: (voice breaking, his heart aching with the weight of the truth) "You... you killed him... for this? For power?"

Ishika: (leaning back in her chair, savoring the moment) "Power is everything, Rudra. Your father’s empire was just another thing to be claimed. And now it’s mine—ours, really." She glanced over her shoulder, and Arjun’s face appeared on the screen, grinning widely.

Arjun: (smiling maliciously) "You should have known, Rudra. Everything you thought you had, everything you fought for, it’s ours now. Your empire, your future—it's all gone."

The rage inside Rudra boiled over. The words had barely registered in his mind before he snapped, his hands shaking with the intensity of his fury.

Rudra: (low growl) "This... this isn’t over. I swear on everything I have left, this isn’t over."

Ishika and Arjun exchanged a look, their smiles widening, but Rudra knew that their confidence would soon be their downfall.

Rudra: (gritting his teeth, barely containing his anger) "I’ll make sure you both regret this. You’ll regret underestimating me."

The call ended abruptly, and Rudra sat in silence for a long moment, the weight of the betrayal settling over him like a heavy cloak. He had been played, used, and now he had nothing left but the burning need for revenge.

CHAPTER 6: THE RUTHLESS REVENGE

The video call had shattered something deep within Rudra. The betrayal by Ishika, the woman he had trusted and loved, had ignited a fire in him that couldn’t be put out. The rage consumed him, and there was nothing left in his mind but the thirst for vengeance.

He knew exactly what he had to do.

With a cold, steely gaze, Rudra walked out of his office, his footsteps echoing in the hall. His bodyguards, who had always stood by his side, watched as he passed them without a word. This was no longer the same Rudra they had once known.

Rudra reached his car and slammed the door shut. He ordered his men to follow him to Arjun's house. When they arrived, the mansion was quiet, too quiet. But Rudra didn't hesitate. He walked through the gates with an unrelenting pace, his eyes set on one thing and one thing only—destruction.

Inside the mansion, Arjun’s men looked on in shock as Rudra’s bodyguards began to take down anyone who dared to oppose them. Blood stained the marble floors as Rudra moved like a predator through the house. The bodies of Arjun’s loyalists, guards, and even family members piled up, one after another. It was a brutal massacre, but Rudra felt nothing but the rush of anger and the need for retribution.

The mansion stood in eerie silence. The scent of gunpowder and blood lingered in the air, a testament to the massacre that had taken place. Arjun’s men lay dead across the marble floor, their bodies motionless, their loyalty meaningless in the face of Rudra’s wrath.

But Arjun was not there.

Rudra’s breathing was heavy, his knuckles white as he gripped his gun. His rage had brought him here—to end Arjun Singh, to tear him apart for everything he had done. But the man had escaped. Like a rat.

Then, something caught Rudra’s eye. A door, slightly ajar. A study.

Instinct pulled him forward. He stepped inside, the dim light flickering. The room smelled of old books and secrets long buried. His gaze swept across the walls, scanning the portraits, the documents, the pieces of a life that had always stood against him.

And then—his breath caught in his throat.

There, framed in a dusty glass case, was an old newspaper clipping. The date? 1999.

His eyes locked onto the headline.

"Prominent Businesswoman Killed in Tragic ‘Accident’ – Alleged Car Crash Claims Life of Mrs. Singh"

His heart pounded violently. His mother.

Rudra’s hands trembled as he pulled the frame down. The edges of the paper were yellowed, but the words—they burned into his soul. He read further.

"Sources reveal that the accident was linked to an ongoing business rivalry between Virender Singh and—"

His body went rigid.

“…Business Tycoon Ratan Singh, father of Arjun Singh.”

The paper slipped from his fingers.

The room spun.

For a moment, Rudra forgot how to breathe. His entire life, his entire war had been fueled by power, ambition, revenge—but now, now it was personal in a way he had never imagined.

Arjun’s father.

Arjun’s father killed his mother.

The betrayal. The games. The years of hatred. It had never been about business. It had never been about money. It was blood for blood—a war written in tragedy before Rudra had even learned to walk.

A sharp laugh escaped his lips—cold, bitter, broken.

Suddenly, it all made sense. Why Virender never spoke of her death. Why he always warned Rudra about losing control. Why he feared what his son would become if the truth ever surfaced.

"You hid this from me, Father. You knew, and you let me live in the dark."

His jaw clenched. His pulse roared in his ears.

He had come here to kill Arjun Singh. But now, he wanted something more.

He wanted to erase his bloodline.

His grip on the gun tightened. His rage, once burning, now ran cold.

No more business. No more power struggles. This was war. This was vengeance.

And he would make sure that when he was done—the Singh name would be the only one left standing.

Rudra: (voice low, almost a whisper) "This is just the beginning."

He turned, walking away from the blood-soaked scene, not a trace of remorse in his eyes. His only thought was one thing: Arjun would pay. And now, it was time for the final confrontation.

Back at his mansion, Rudra sat in his private office, reviewing his plans. He hadn’t expected Arjun to take the attack lying down, but he was prepared. As expected, Arjun wasted no time in retaliating.

Arjun: (furious, slamming the phone down after hearing the news of the massacre) "This ends now, Rudra."

Arjun gathered his most highly-trained commandos, men who had never failed him in the past. They were ruthless, efficient, and would stop at nothing to bring down their enemies. Arjun stormed towards Rudra’s mansion, anger burning in his chest.

But when Arjun arrived, it was eerily quiet. No signs of Rudra. No guards in sight. His instincts screamed that something was wrong. The warehouse—Rudra's hideout—would be his next target.

As Arjun approached the warehouse, the air grew thick with tension. He could feel it, the anticipation. He ordered his commandos to go in first. They moved in like shadows, but Rudra was waiting for them.

Inside the dimly lit warehouse, Rudra stood in the center, a massive weapon at his side. His eyes glowed with a dangerous fire, his jaw clenched, and his posture was rigid. He had come prepared, and he was ready for anything.

The moment Arjun and his men entered, the air seemed to shift. Arjun's eyes widened when he saw Rudra standing there, a man unrecognizable from the one who had once sat at the helm of his father’s company. Rudra wasn’t the same man he had once known—he was now a force of nature, untamed and deadly.

Arjun: (commanding his men) "Take him down!"

The commandos rushed forward, weapons raised, but Rudra didn’t move. Instead, he calmly reached for the massive, menacing gun at his side—the Titan Rapture. The weapon was unlike

anything the world had ever seen. It was designed for total annihilation, with power that could level buildings.

Rudra: (without flinching, his voice dripping with malice) "Let’s see how brave you all are."

Rudra pressed the trigger, and the weapon roared to life. The sound of the gun was deafening—piercing, thunderous, and relentless. For five agonizing minutes, the warehouse was filled with the explosive sound of destruction. Arjun’s men, unprepared for such a weapon, were thrown into disarray. They were deafened, their senses overwhelmed by the ferocity of the blast. Even Arjun himself staggered back, clutching his ears, unable to hear his own voice.

Rudra, however, was protected. He had anticipated this moment. The headset muffled the sound, and he remained in complete control. The Titan Rapture was a monster, and Rudra was its master.

When the gunfire finally stopped, the warehouse was in ruins. The commandos were either dead or incapacitated. Only Arjun remained, still standing, but clearly shaken by the onslaught.

Rudra: (his voice low, like a growl) "You thought you could destroy everything I built. You thought you could break me. But now... now you're going to pay."

Arjun didn’t respond. He couldn’t. The terror was too great. He had always been in control—always had the upper hand. But now, Rudra had taken that from him. There was nothing left for him but this moment. And he could feel his life slipping away with every second that passed.

Rudra closed the distance between them, his eyes burning with a mixture of hatred and rage. He could feel the anger coursing through his veins, each step making his heart pound harder in his chest. The world had turned into a blur. All that mattered now was this one thing—this one moment.

Rudra stopped in front of Arjun, towering over him, his cold gaze never wavering. Arjun was still breathing heavily, but the fear was evident on his face. His body was shaking, his mind racing as he tried to think of a way out. But there was no escape. Not anymore.

Arjun: (voice weak, desperate) "Rudra... please... You don’t have to do this. We were friends once."

Rudra’s lips curled into a cold smile, a smile that didn't reach his eyes. He leaned down slowly, until their faces were inches apart.

Rudra: (his voice dripping with venom) "You betrayed me, Arjun. You killed my father. And now you're going to pay for that... in the most painful way."

Without a moment's hesitation, Rudra grabbed Arjun by the hair, pulling his head back sharply. Arjun gasped in pain, but before he could react, Rudra shoved the muzzle of his gun directly into Arjun’s mouth.

Arjun: (choking, eyes wide with terror) "No... Rudra... please... don't do this... I never meant for any of this... please... I'm sorry... please."

Rudra didn’t flinch. His eyes were cold, emotionless. He had no mercy left for Arjun. No compassion. No forgiveness.

Rudra: (in a low, deadly whisper) "Sorry doesn’t bring my father back, Arjun. And sorry doesn’t save you."

The tension in the air was unbearable. Time seemed to slow down as Rudra stood there, his gun still pressed into Arjun's mouth. For a moment, neither of them moved. The silence was deafening.

Then, with a savage twist, Rudra pulled the trigger.

The sound was deafening—louder than any explosion, louder than anything Arjun had ever heard. The bullet ripped through his mouth with brutal force, splintering bone and tearing flesh. Arjun’s entire body jolted with the impact, and his eyes went wide, filled with the shock of the sudden agony. His mouth was no longer his own, the blood pouring out in a torrent, staining the floor beneath him.

Arjun’s body crumpled forward, his hands instinctively reaching for his mouth, but it was too late. He could feel the blood pouring down his throat, choking him, drowning him in his own life force. His vision blurred, his body went numb.

But Rudra didn’t let go. He didn’t even flinch as he watched Arjun slowly slip away. The life was draining from him, but Rudra couldn’t bring himself to care. Arjun had stolen everything from him—his father, his trust, his peace—and now, it was time for Rudra to take everything back.

Arjun struggled to breathe, his chest heaving painfully. He was half-dead already, his body betraying him, but he still tried to speak, though his words came out in a guttural rasp.

Arjun: (barely audible, his voice a whisper) "You... can't... do this... you’ll never be free... You’re just as... as twisted... as me."

Rudra’s face remained unchanged, his eyes cold as ice. He could see the life draining from Arjun, the fight slowly fading. There was no hero here—no redemption. Just an ending.

Rudra slowly took a step back, his gun still aimed at Arjun’s head. He looked down at the man who had been his friend, his rival, his enemy. Arjun had once been the center of his world, someone he admired, someone he trusted. But now... now, there was only disgust.

Rudra: (his voice quiet, but filled with coldness) "You were never a match for me, Arjun."

With that, Rudra pulled the trigger again. The sound of the gunshot was almost anticlimactic after the first. Arjun’s body jerked once more, and his head fell limp, his lifeless eyes staring into the abyss.

Rudra stood there for a moment, his chest rising and falling with each breath. The rage that had consumed him, the pain that had torn him apart... it was all gone now. There was nothing left. Nothing but emptiness.

As he lowered his gun, the weight of everything hit him all at once. He had taken Arjun’s life, but it didn’t feel like a victory. It felt like a hollow victory. His father was still gone. And Ishika... Ishika had betrayed him in the worst way possible. She had taken everything from him, and now she, too, would face the consequences of her actions.

But just as Rudra was about to turn away, a voice broke through the silence—one that would haunt him forever.

Ishika: (shouting from behind him, panic in her voice) "No, Rudra! Don’t do this!"

Rudra turned to see her standing in the doorway, tears in her eyes. She looked vulnerable, scared, and lost. But Rudra felt nothing but contempt.

Rudra: (coldly) "You’re too late, Ishika."

Ishika rushed forward, tears streaming down her face. She knelt next to Arjun’s body, her hands trembling as she touched him.

Ishika: (screaming) "No! You can’t !"

But Rudra wasn’t listening anymore. His anger boiled over, and before she could react, he grabbed her by the throat, forcing her to look into his eyes.

Rudra: (gritting his teeth) "You betrayed me. You killed my father. You’ll never walk away from this."

With one final, heart-wrenching motion, Rudra drew his gun. He placed the muzzle in Ishika’s mouth, and without hesitation, he pulled the trigger.

The sound of the gunshot echoed in the warehouse, and Ishika’s body fell limp in his arms.

Rudra stood there, breathing heavily, staring down at the woman he once loved, the woman who had shattered him. His hands were covered in her blood, but he felt nothing.

The warehouse was silent once more.

The gunshot had been deafening, but now, the warehouse was quiet—too quiet. Arjun’s body lay still, blood pooling beneath him, his lifeless eyes staring at nothing.

Rudra exhaled, lowering the gun. The weight of revenge should have felt satisfying, but all he felt was the cold emptiness creeping in.

Then—a vibration.

A sharp buzz cut through the silence. Arjun’s phone.

It lay a few feet away, the screen glowing in the dim light.

Incoming Call: Sameer.

Rudra stared at the name flashing on the screen. Sameer. His best friend. Arjun’s younger brother. The only person who had ever truly stood by him.

He should ignore it. Walk away.

But instead, his finger hovered over the screen. A second later—he answered.

Rudra: (low, steady) "Hello."

For a moment, nothing.

Then—Sameer’s voice, light and casual, completely unaware.

Sameer: (cheerful) "Bhaiya, where are you? I’ve been looking for you all evening."

Rudra’s grip tightened on the phone. His gaze dropped to Arjun’s motionless body.

The silence stretched. Too long.

Sameer’s tone shifted.

Sameer: (concerned) "Bhaiya?"

Rudra’s voice came out flat, emotionless.

Rudra: "Killed."

The other end of the line went dead quiet.

And then—the scream.

Raw. Broken. A sound that didn’t just carry grief—it carried destruction.

Sameer: (screaming) "NO! BHAAAIYA!"

His cries were unlike anything Rudra had ever heard. Pain so deep it sounded like the world was shattering.

Rudra didn’t move. Didn’t blink. He just listened.

The phone slipped from his fingers, crashing onto the bloodstained floor.

And then–

TO BE CONTINUED…